

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 261

32p

**Son of
the Sword**



**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 280

32p

**CARTER
BREAKS
LOOSE**



NOW ON SALE

Son of the Sword

LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE ENVY OF LESSER MEN
BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE HEROIC
EARL PAXSEVAL, TREACHEROUSLY SLAIN BY
THREE FALSE FRIENDS AS HE FEASTED WITH
THEM IN HIS GREAT HALL.

DOGS! YOU DOGS!



THE EARL'S ARMOURER WAS NAMED
SURTEE, AND HE SAW EVERYTHING—



TREACHEROUS CURS! I
MUST SAVE THE INFANT
HEIR.

SURTEE'S WIFE HAD BEEN
HANDMAID TO THE LATE COUNTESS
AND WAS NURSE TO THE INFANT.



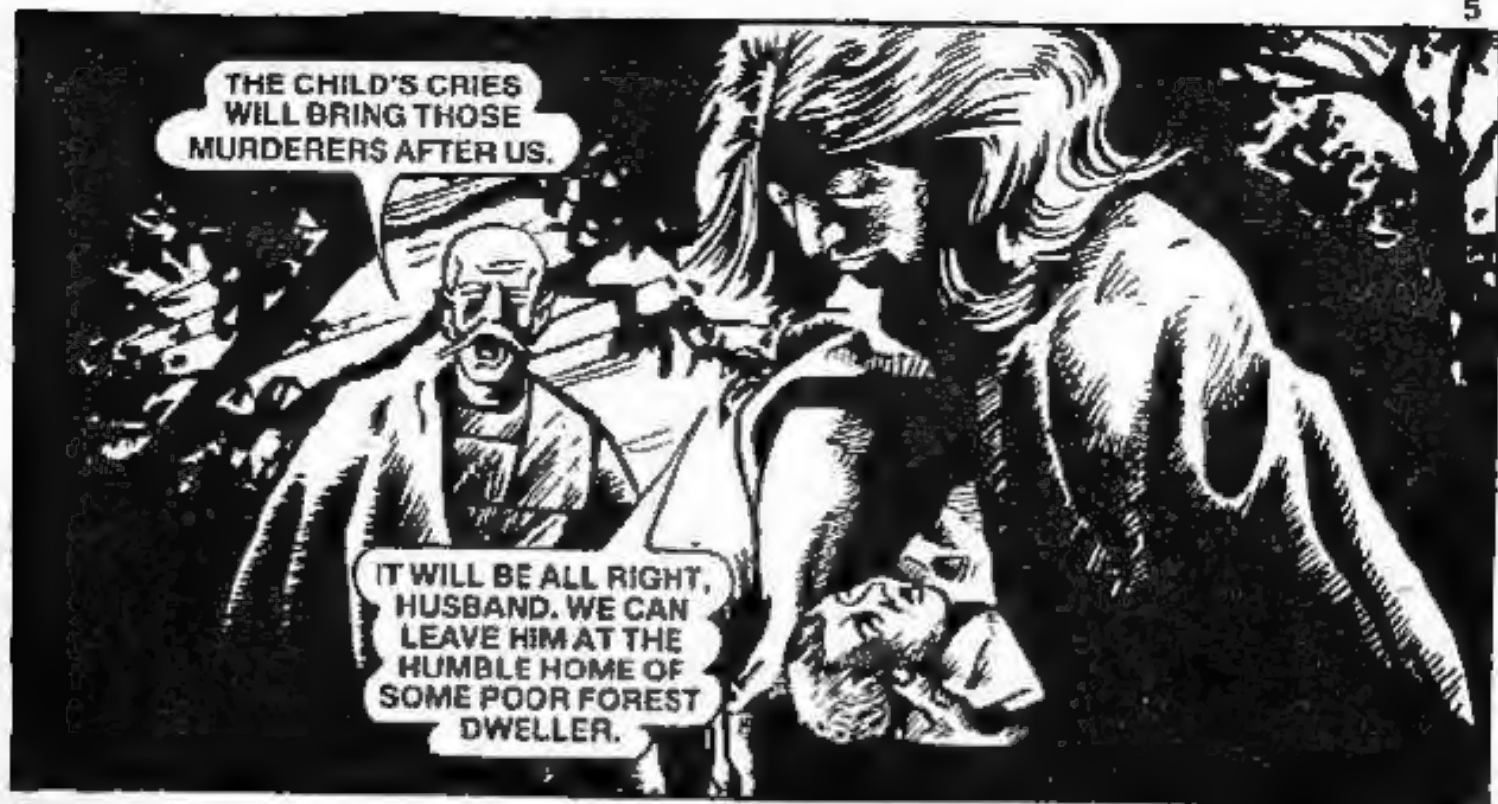
BUNDLE ANY JEWELS,
GOLD AND SILVER YOU
CAN LAY HANDS ON. WE
ARE GETTING OUT OF
HERE BEFORE THE
PILLAGING BEGINS.



THEY FLED INTO THE DARKNESS—

HURRY, WOMAN, OR OUR LIVES
TOO WILL BE FORFEIT.





DEEP IN THE FOREST ANOTHER CHILD CRIED—



CAUTIOUSLY THE TWO FOREST
FOLK OPENED THE DOOR.

LOOK! SUCH A
HANDSOME CHILD.

MOST LIKELY THE
OFFSPRING OF SOME
FOULLY MURDERED
NOBLEMAN. THEY'RE
ALWAYS BEING LEFT AT
THE DOORS OF
CHARCOAL-BURNERS
OR OTHER FOREST
FOLK.

SUCH RICH SWADDLING!
HUSBAND, YOU ARE RIGHT. THIS
MUST BE THE CHILD OF A GREAT
LORD.

SUCH NOBLE FOUNDLINGS
ONLY BRING TROUBLE. I CAN
DROP HIM OFF IN TOWN WHEN I
CARRY IN MY NEXT LOAD.

NO, HUSBAND, WE SHALL CARE
FOR THIS CHILD UNTIL HE
COMES INTO HIS OWN AND
REWARDS US WITH GREAT
WEALTH. HE AND OUR SMALL
HOD SHALL BE AS BROTHERS. I
SHALL CALL HIM HEW AFTER
MY OWN FATHER.

SO FOUNDLING AND CHARCOAL-BURNER'S SON GREW UP TOGETHER, SHARING POVERTY AND HARD TOIL, THOUGH THE TRUTH WAS NEVER HIDDEN FROM HOD AND HEW.

TIME YOU TOOK A TURN WITH THE AXE, HEW!



TREE-FELLING IS SUCH WEARYING TOIL, DEAR HOD. I WOULD GLADLY SHARE IT WERE IT SUITED TO ONE OF NOBLE BLOOD.

SWINGING AN AXE COULD BE GOOD CONDITIONING FOR THE TIME SURE TO COME WHEN YOU MUST TAKE UP THE SWORD.

I HAD NOT THOUGHT OF IT LIKE THAT, BUT YOU ARE RIGHT. PASS THE AXE TO ME.

IF YOU INSIST.

SUCH STRENGTH! LUCKY FOR ME HE DOESN'T QUITE HAVE THE BRAINS TO MATCH.

CAME A DAY WHEN THE
CHARCOAL-BURNER FELL ILL.

HERBS AND BARK DO
NO HEALING! PROPER
DOCTORING IS NEEDED.
MY SONS, YOU MUST
GO INTO TOWN TO BUY
A CHARM FROM THE
WISE WOMAN.

WE SHALL GO. SMALL
TOWN SOCIETY IS
HARDLY COURTLY, BUT
IT IS HIGH TIME I PAID A
VISIT.

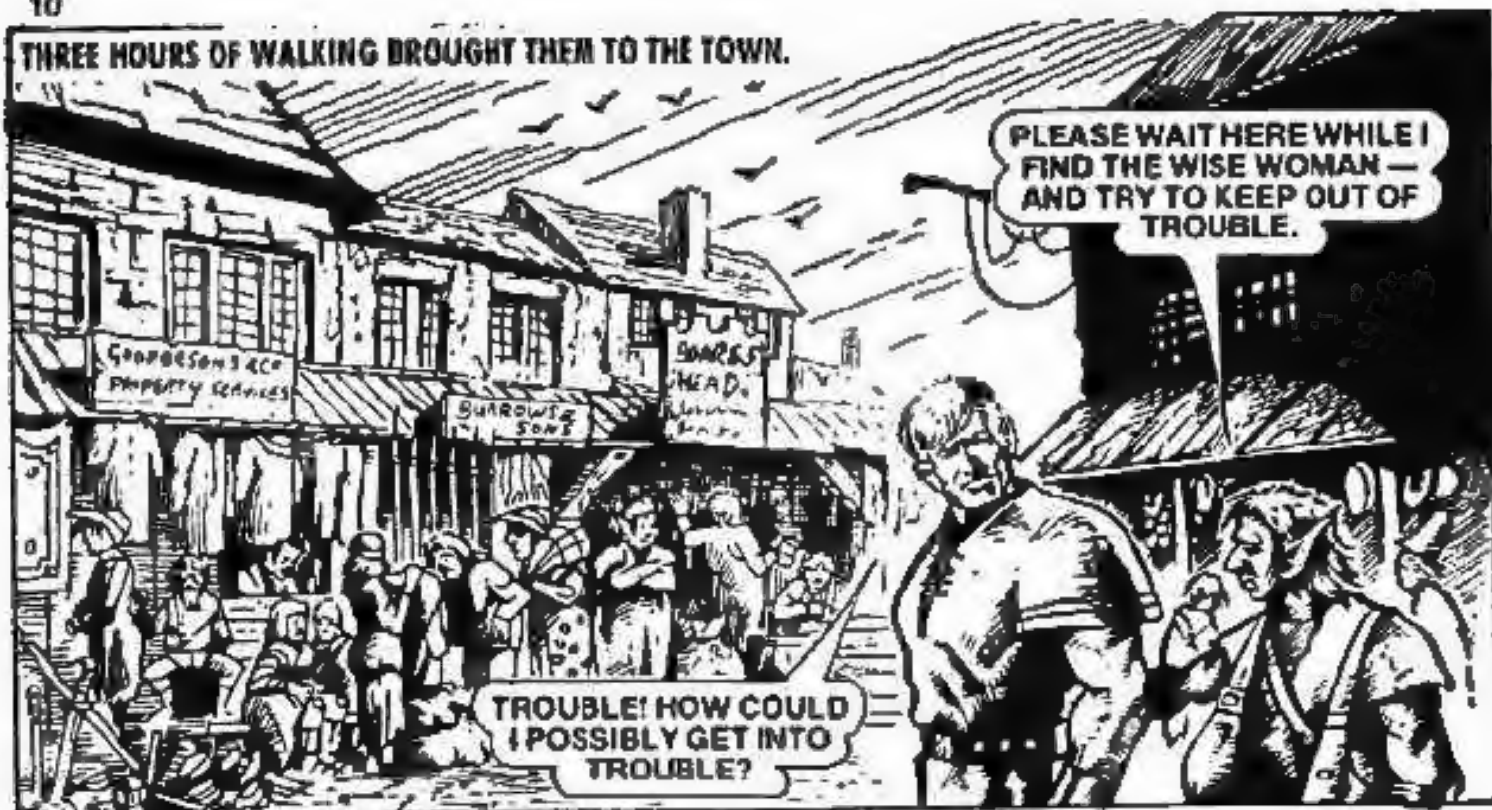
TWO COPPER COINS. SPEND THEM
WELL — AND LOOK OUT FOR YOUR
BROTHER. THE REASON WE HAVE
KEPT HIM FROM THE TOWN IS THAT
NONE WOULD BELIEVE HE IS A SON
OF A HUMBLE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

ESPECIALLY SINCE HE
TELLS ANY WHO COME
HIS WAY THAT HE IS
NOT.

KEEP FIVE PAGES
BEHIND ME,
BROTHER. I
SHOULD BE GLAD
OF YOUR COMPANY
BESIDE ME, BUT
YOU MUST HOLD TO
YOUR PROPER
PLACE.

YES, BROTHER.

THREE HOURS OF WALKING BROUGHT THEM TO THE TOWN.




HOD COMPLETED
HIS HAGGLING.

WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S GOING
ON OVER THERE?







A MOST REMARKABLE
LIKENESS TO THE DEAD. WE
MUST LEARN ABOUT THAT OX-
MUSCLED OAF.

THEY'RE TALKING
ABOUT HEW.



TIME TO GO, BROTHER
HEW. OUR ILL FATHER
AWAITS HIS CURE.

THEN WE GO, BUT TIS A
PITY. I COULD ENJOY
THIS TOWN LIFE.

HOD CALLED A HALT OUTSIDE TOWN.

FIRST HASTE, NOW A
STOP. BROTHER, YOU
ARE NOT USUALLY SO
UNDECIDED.

WE MAY BE QUICKER AFTER
A SHORT DELAY TO BUILD
OUR STRENGTH WITH
FOOD.

HOD, WHAT SAY WE INVITE
THOSE TWO TRAVELLERS
TO SHARE OUR BREAD AND
CHEESE?

NO, BROTHER, TO DELAY
THOSE SO OBVIOUSLY IN A
HURRY WOULD BE ILL-
MANNERED.

A LITTLE LATER THE BROTHERS RESUMED
THEIR HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

THAT IS NOT THE WAY.

IT MUST BE THE WAY SINCE
IT IS THE WAY I CHOOSE.

HEW, WE SHOULD HAVE
STAYED ON THE ROAD. I
LIKE NOT THIS WOOD.

IT DOES NOT APPEAL — YET
I HAVE THIS FEELING IT IS
THE WAY WE MUST GO.

URH — A CREEPY OLD RUIN.
LET'S HURRY PAST.

OH NO, SMALL BROTHER —
NOT PAST. HOW CAN WE
IGNORE THAT INVITING
VOICE?







HE WELCOMES US. GREAT
LORD, I THANK YOU.

I HEAR NOTHING —
NOW I SEE NOTHING.

THE GREAT HALL
SUDDENLY LIT WITH
BRIGHT LIGHT.

NOW YOU SEE ME, EH,
WOOD GNOME? YOUR EYES
MAY AS WELL BE OPENED
SINCE YOU ARE HERE. YOU
WILL BOTH TAKE SEAT AT
MY BOARD.



I WAS SLAIN IN TREACHERY
BY THE LORDS TOLVER
CARVIL AND WALDUR. MY
SON, I LAY ON YOU THE TASK
OF EXACTING BLOOD
VENGEANCE FROM THOSE
THREE.


MY FATHER, I WILLINGLY
ACCEPT. IT IS TIME MY LIFE
WAS TURNED TO A USEFUL
PURPOSE.








THEY ARRIVED HOME.

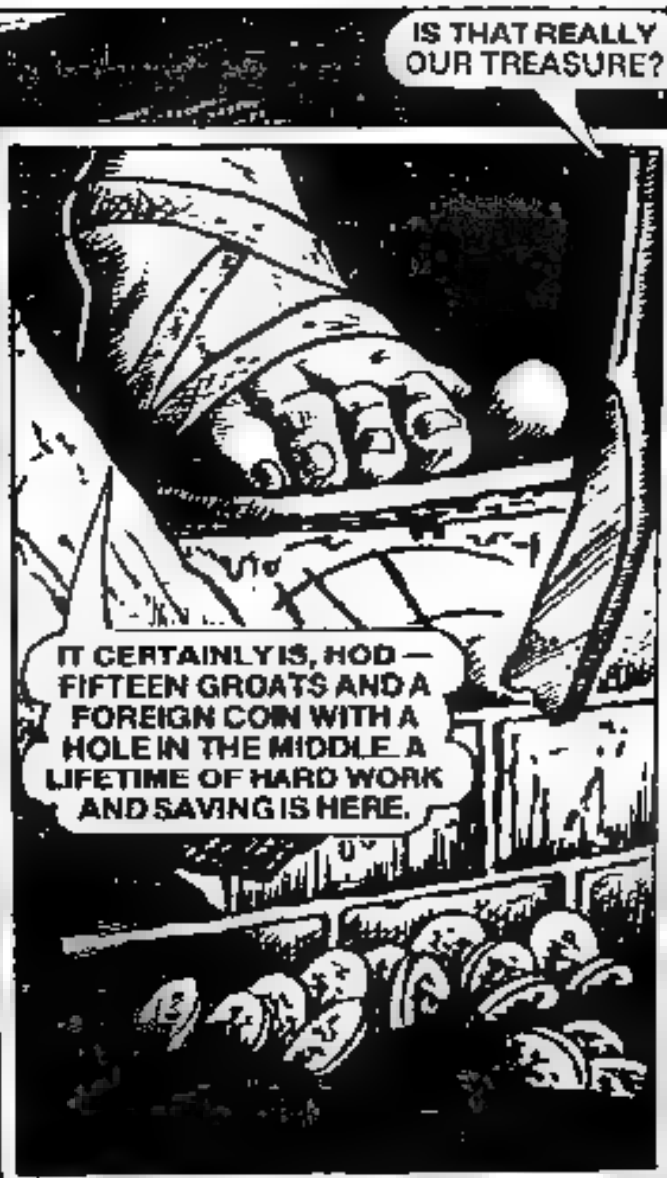


SO YOU MET THE GHOST OF
YOUR NOBLE FATHER. THAT
IS NICE. HOD, FETCH ME A
BEAKER OF MILK FOR
INFUSING THESE CHARM
ASHES.



DID YOU HEAR THAT, ROK? HEW
IS NOW LORD TRISTAL AND HE'S
GOT A JOB AVENGING HIS
FATHER.

NICE TO KNOW THE LAD'S
FUTURE IS TAKEN CARE OF.
HEW — ER, MY LORD, I HOPE
YOU REMEMBER US WHEN YOU
BECOME RICH.



LATER, IN THE TOWN.




IT IS HE AGAIN — HE WITH
THE LOOK OF THE LONG
AGO DEAD.

HE GOES INTO
THE SHOP!


ARMOUR, EH! YOU'VE COME AT
A VERY GOOD TIME FOR
ARMOUR, GENTRY. I GOT
BARGAINS TO SUIT ALL
POCKETS.

CAN YOU SUIT FIFTEEN
GROATS AND A FOREIGN
COIN WITH A HOLE IN THE
MIDDLE?






HOW ABOUT A CHAINMAIL SHIRT. FINE QUALITY — A SPOT OF PATCHING AND IT'LL BE GOOD AS NEW. THEY JUST DON'T MAKE THEM LIKE THIS THESE DAYS.



A SWORD! I MUST HAVE A SWORD.



IT'S A GOOD SWORD — ONLY ONE PREVIOUS OWNER... SIR PARSEVAL, TILL HIS DEATH.

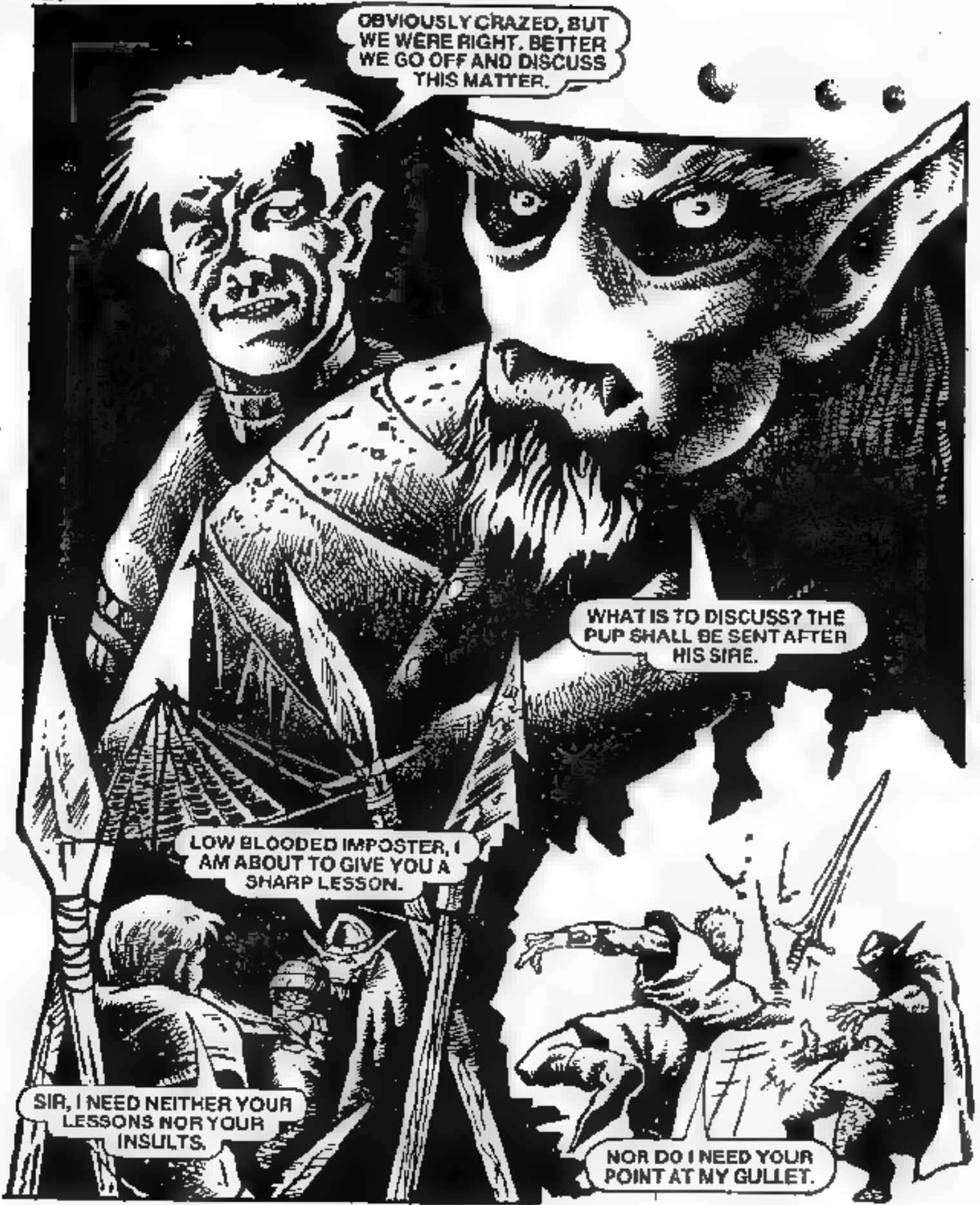
MY FATHER'S SWORD!! MY TIME FOR VENGEANCE IS HERE. I, SON OF THE SWORD, SWEAR IT.

AS TRISTAL EXAMINED HIS SWORD—



A RUSTIC TRYING OUT THE WEAPONS OF GENTRY. SUCH IMPERTINENCE.

SIR, YOU WRONG ME. I AM TRISTAL, SON OF THE LORD PARSEVAL — AS MY OWN DEAD FATHER HIMSELF INFORMED ME.



OBVIOUSLY CRAZED, BUT
WE WERE RIGHT. BETTER
WE GO OFF AND DISCUSS
THIS MATTER.

WHAT IS TO DISCUSS? THE
PUP SHALL BE SENT AFTER
HIS SIRE.

LOW BLOODED IMPOSTER, I
AM ABOUT TO GIVE YOU A
SHARP LESSON.


SIR, I NEED NEITHER YOUR
LESSONS NOR YOUR
INSULTS.

NOR DO I NEED YOUR
POINT AT MY GULLET.

THE ATTACKER'S SWORD SPUN HIGH IN THE AIR—


AND FOUND A TARGET—






SIR, I AM AT YOUR SERVICE
SHOULD YOU WISH TO
CONTINUE THE LESSON
STARTED BY YOUR FRIEND.

YOUNG FELLOW, I AM A
KNIGHT AND WOULD BE
DISHONOURD BY
ENGAGING WITH ONE WHO
DOES NOT WEAR THE
GOLDEN SPURS. ANYWAY,
LORD TOLVER WAS HARDLY
A FRIEND — MORE OF AN
ACQUAINTANCE.



LORD TOLVER — A
NAME WHICH HAS A
FAMILIAR RING.

IT WAS ONE OF THE
THREE NAMES OF HIS
KILLERS SPOKEN BY
YOUR DEAD FATHER.



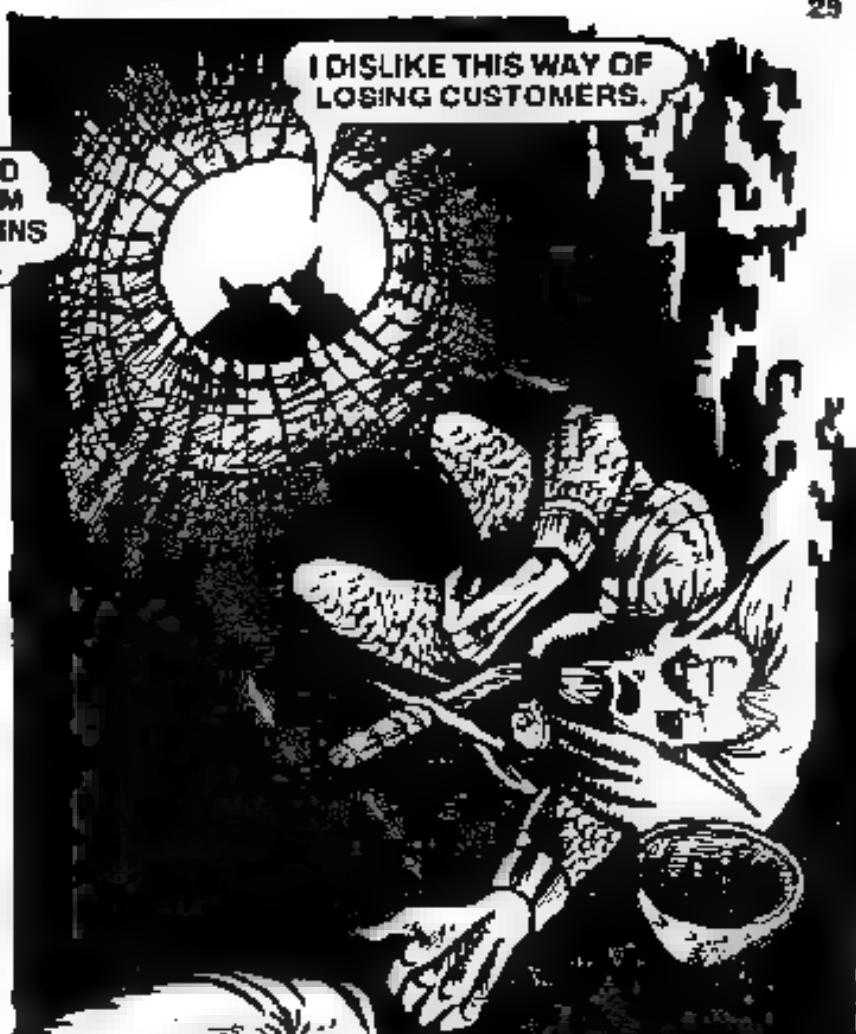
GENTRY, SUCH LITTER
IS FROWNED ON BY THE
TOWN WATCH. BETTER
WE GET SHOT OF THIS
ONE TO AVOID MUCH
UNPLEASANTNESS.

A WELL?

AYE, LAD, BUT WASHED
THROUGH BY A STREAM
THAT WATERS AND DRAINS
MUCH OF THE TOWN.



I DISLIKE THIS WAY OF
LOSING CUSTOMERS.



SO MY FATHER IS ONE
THIRD AVENGED. NOW I
HAVE TO SEEK ONLY —
WHAT ARE THE
OTHER NAMES?



THE LORDS GARVIL
AND WALDUR.







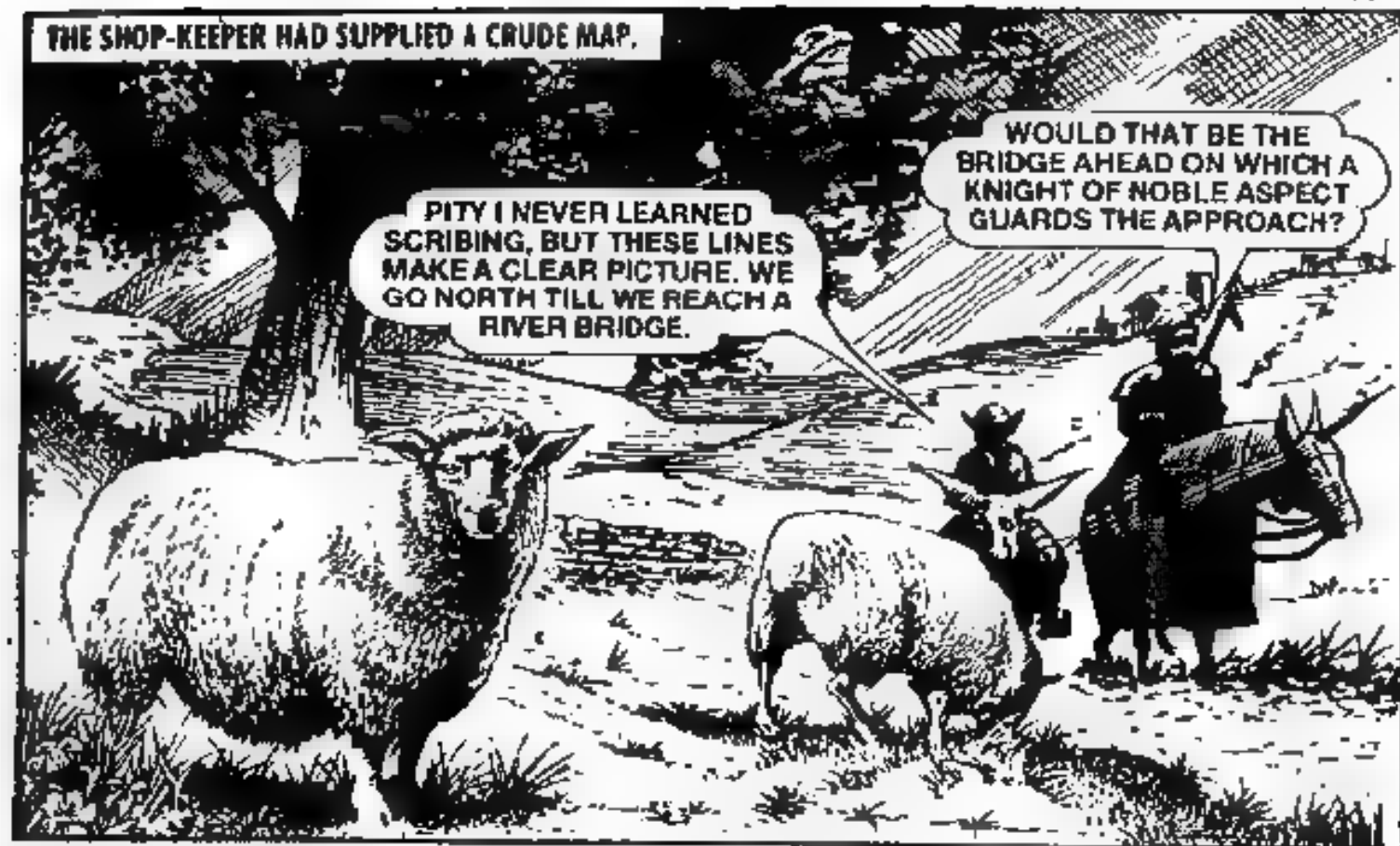
LORD TRISTAL COMPLETED HIS PURCHASING.



THE SHOP-KEEPER HAD SUPPLIED A CRUDE MAP.

PITY I NEVER LEARNED
SCRIBING, BUT THESE LINES
MAKE A CLEAR PICTURE. WE
GO NORTH TILL WE REACH A
RIVER BRIDGE.

WOULD THAT BE THE
BRIDGE AHEAD ON WHICH A
KNIGHT OF NOBLE ASPECT
GUARDS THE APPROACH?



LOOK! IT IS HE — LORD CARVIL,
THE SECOND OF THOSE WHO
SLEW MY FATHER.







METAL CLASHED ON METAL —
SPARKS FLEW.



SUDDENLY IT WAS ENDED — TWO
MEN DOWN, ANOTHER IN FLIGHT.



LORD CARVIL, I AM
SADDENED YOU
REFUSE ME
SATISFACTION.

HUM — ER, SO AM I, BUT IT
REALLY ISN'T THE DONE
THING FOR NOBLES TO
ENGAGE WITH
COMMONERS.





INDEED... I HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO DO SO. IT WOULD BE THE ANSWER.



I ADMIT THEE TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE HIGH ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

LORD CARVIL ADDED A TOUCH OF HIS OWN TO THE KNIGHTING CEREMONY.



NOW PERISH, BASE UPSTART.




HE'S TAKING A CHANCE!

UNAWARE OF CARVIL'S EVIL INTENT, THE
NEWLY KNIGHTED TRISTAL AROSE —

EH, WHAT?





IT WAS NOT ME WHO
PLOTTED YOUR
FATHER'S DEATH. IT
WAS WALDUR.

BUT YOU HAD A KNIFE,
AND YOU USED IT!

NOOO! THE WEIGHT OF
MY ARMOUR WILL
HOLD ME
UNDERWATER.

'TIS ONE OF
THE DRAWBACKS
OF BEING A KNIGHT



THE QUEST PROCEEDED.



HOD WAS DESPATCHED TO REALISE THE PROFITS OF TRISTAL'S QUEST—

FIFTY GROATS FOR THE NAGS,
TWENTY FOR THE ARMOUR —
AND I'M ROBBING MYSELF. YOU
ASK ABOUT TALLAGARDE, LAD.
STAY WELL CLEAR OF THAT FOUL
PLACE.

A MONTH PASSED ■ FRUITLESS SEARCH —

BEHOLD! THE BOUNDARY
MARKS SPOKEN OF BY THAT
HELPFUL PEASANT.

THE ONE WHO RAN OFF
SCREAMING WHEN I ASKED
HIM TO BE OUR GLADE.



SUCH A DARK AND DREAR LAND
HOLDS RICH PROMISE OF HIGH
ADVENTURE.

OF A COMING STORM TOO, MY
LORD. DO YOU HEAR THAT
THUNDER?





I HEAR IT. I FEEL IT. THIS
IS THUNDER THAT
SHAKES THE EARTH.

MY LORD —
LOOK!



THE QUEST TOOK A NEW COURSE.



FOOL, BE SILENT ON
MATTERS YOU ARE TOO
THICK TO
UNDERSTAND.

MY LORD, ARE YOU SURE
ABOUT THIS? ADMITTEDLY
IT'S A MONSTER, BUT IT
COULD JUST BE OUT FOR A
STROLL AND MINDING ITS
OWN BUSINESS.




OF A SUDDEN THE GROUND
SMOOK, THERE WAS A GUSH
OF FLAME, A SULPHUROUS
REEK.

A black and white comic book illustration. The top half shows a large dragon with wings spread, breathing fire. Several knights in armor are attacking it with swords. A speech bubble from one knight says "THE DRAGON!". The bottom half shows a close-up of the dragon's head, roaring with its mouth open. A knight in a white surcoat is attacking the dragon's head with a sword. A speech bubble from the knight says "THING OF EVIL! DIE! DIE!".

THE DRAGON!

THING OF EVIL!
DIE! DIE!



HE'S DONE IT. THE
THING'S RUNNING.

POOR OLD THING! IT'S
NOT USED TO PEOPLE
TREATING IT SO BADLY.



IT FLIES
FROM ME!



FAIR MAID, YOU ARE
SAVED FROM THE
DRAGON.

I'M REALLY VERY
GREATFUL, BUT I DON'T
KNOW WHAT MY DAD'S
GOING TO SAY. HE FELT SO
HONOURED WHEN I WAS
PICKED.

THE MAID GUIDED THEM THE SHORT WAY TO HER VILLAGE.




TROUBLE IS THAT THERE
OLD DRAGON'LL BE BACK.
COULD BE HE'LL BE ANGRY
ENOUGH TO PICK ON THIS
PLACE MORE THAN ONCE A
YEAR.

TRUE — AND WE'RE
RUNNING SHORT OF
MAIDENS. WE'LL HAVE TO
START SACRIFICING WIVES
AND THAT'LL LEAVE US
SHORTHANDED ■ THE
FIELDS.

THE QUEST RESUMED ON DIRECTIONS
FROM THE VILLAGERS.



THE CASTLE OF DUKE
WALDUR. A BRIEF
INTERLUDE TO SETTLE
ACCOUNTS WITH HIM
BEFORE I MAKE FINAL
DISPOSAL OF THAT FOUL
DRAGON.




THAT WILL BE OUR
INTERFERING HERO. THERE
IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR
ABOUT HIM.


I THINK
HE'S SWEET.



MEDDLING FOOL! I
HAVE A GOOD
WORKING
RELATIONSHIP WITH
THAT DRAGON — MY
DUCHY AT PEACE FOR A
TRIFLING COST IN
MAIDENS. NO
WARLORD ■ GOING TO
INVADE A DRAGON-
RAVAGED LAND.




I, TRISTAL, SON OF PARSEVAL, SEEK VENGEANCE FOR MY MURDERED SIRE. I BID YOU COME FORTH.



TRISTAL... SON OF THE SWORD. I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FELLOW. SO NOW WHAT DO I DO?

DEAR FATHER, I ADVISE YOU TO STAY BEHIND YOUR WALLS.



POOR ADVICE WHEN DEALING WITH A HERO, MY DAUGHTER. SUCH LACK OF WIT EXPLAINS WHY YOU FAILED AS A WITCH.

I KEEP EXPLAINING THAT WASN'T MY FAULT, FATHER. THE OTHER HAGS ■ THE COVEN WERE JEALOUS OF MY BEAUTY AND CHARM.

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND!





HOD AWAKENED IN THE NIGHT.

HEED ME, MY SON. LISTEN, I
SAY.

THE SHADE OF SIR
PERSEVAL, BUT SIR
TRISTAL DOES NOT
WAKEN.

WOODBURNER, THIS DOZY
OAF HAS CERTAINLY
ALLOWED THE KNAVE
WALDUR TO PULL THE
WOOL OVER HIS EYES. I
CAME TO ADVISE HIM
ABOUT DRAGONS. THE
ONLY SURE MANNER OF
SLAYING ONE IS THROUGH
AN EYEBALL.

A PITCHER OF WATER
CAN BE HANDY, TOO!

HE FADES.



NEXT MORNING, HOD TOLD
TRISTAL OF THE MEETING.

SQUIRE, YOU SUFFERED A
DREAM. NOT ONCE DID MY
EYES CLOSE THROUGH THE
NIGHT.

YES, MY LORD. I
JUST THOUGHT I'D
LET YOU KNOW.

MY LADY, I AM READY TO
DEFEND YOU WITH MY LIFE.

FROM THE CASTLE, WALDUR
WATCHED TRISTAL —

THEY ARE ON THEIR
WAY . . . AND TRISTAL
TO HIS DOOM.





SUCH A SHY BOY.
ONE WOULD NEVER
KNOW HE ■
BESOTTED WITH
ME.



NO, LADY,
ONE WOULDN'T.

THEY FOLLOWED THE
TRAIL INTO THE LATE
AFTERNOON.



THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON, MY
LORD. BEHOLD THE CROWS —
ITS SERVANTS.



THIS IS THE ROCK
WHERE I AM SUPPOSED
TO WAIT AND COMB MY
LONG TRESSES.

DO SO, FAIR MAID.
MAKE YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE.

TWILIGHT SETTLED AS
THEY WAITED.

WATER, LADY — IN
CASE YOU GET
THIRSTY.

THUNDER! FIRE!
THE DRAGON COMES.

YOU FETID HORROR! YOUR
TIME IS COME.

KNIGHT AND DRAGON CLASHED.



HOD WATERED THE DRAGON.



MY LORD, YOUR
FATHER WAS RIGHT
ABOUT THE WATER.

FIRE BECOMES STEAM.

TRISTAL STRUCK.

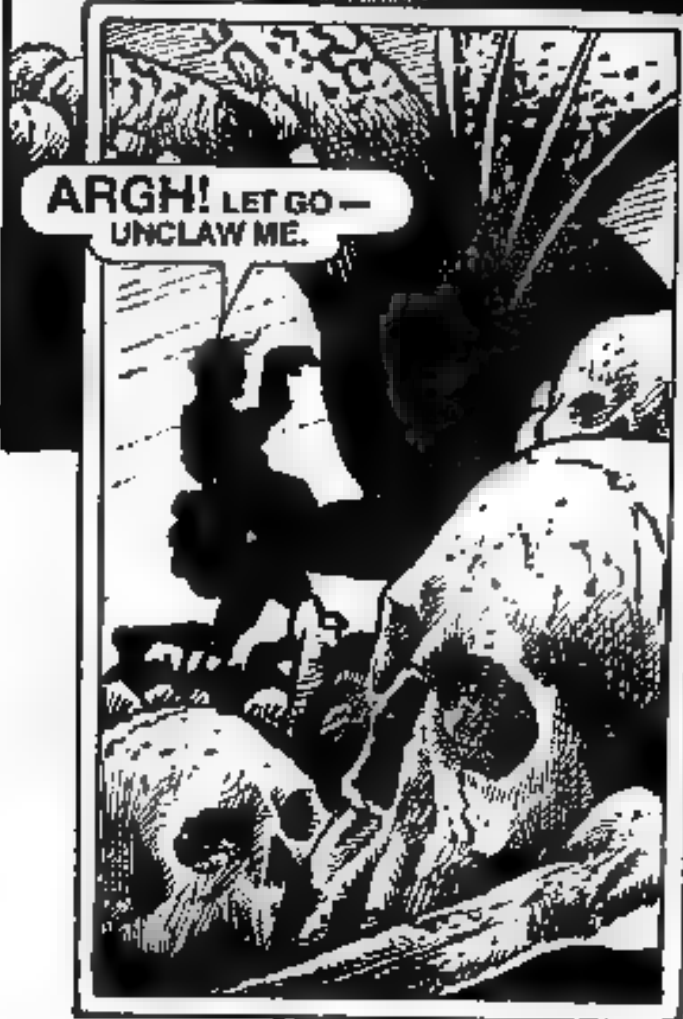


A SUDDEN BEAT OF LEATHERY WINGS, AND THEN A
— SULPHUROUS REEK.



MY TRUSTY BLADE.

ARGH! LET GO —
UNCLAW ME.



DUKE WALDUR! YOU COME
TO ASSIST ME, HOW I HAVE
MISJUDGED YOU.



I THINK NOT, LAD. I AM
HERE TO SIDE WITH THE
DRAGON.





MORTALLY STRICKEN, THE
DRAGON LET TRISTAN FALL —



— AND STAGGERED AWAY.





TRISTAL WAS AVENGED —

MY LORD, THIS HELPLESS
ORPHAN ENTRUSTS
HERSELF TO YOUR
HONOUR.


WHAT—ER,
QUITE SO.

LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE CHARCOAL-BURNER ROK
AND HIS WIFE BECAME POSSESSED OF GREAT
WEALTH.

PIGS, WIFE. A MAN
CAN'T GO WRONG IF HE
INVESTS IN PIGS.

YES, DEAR.

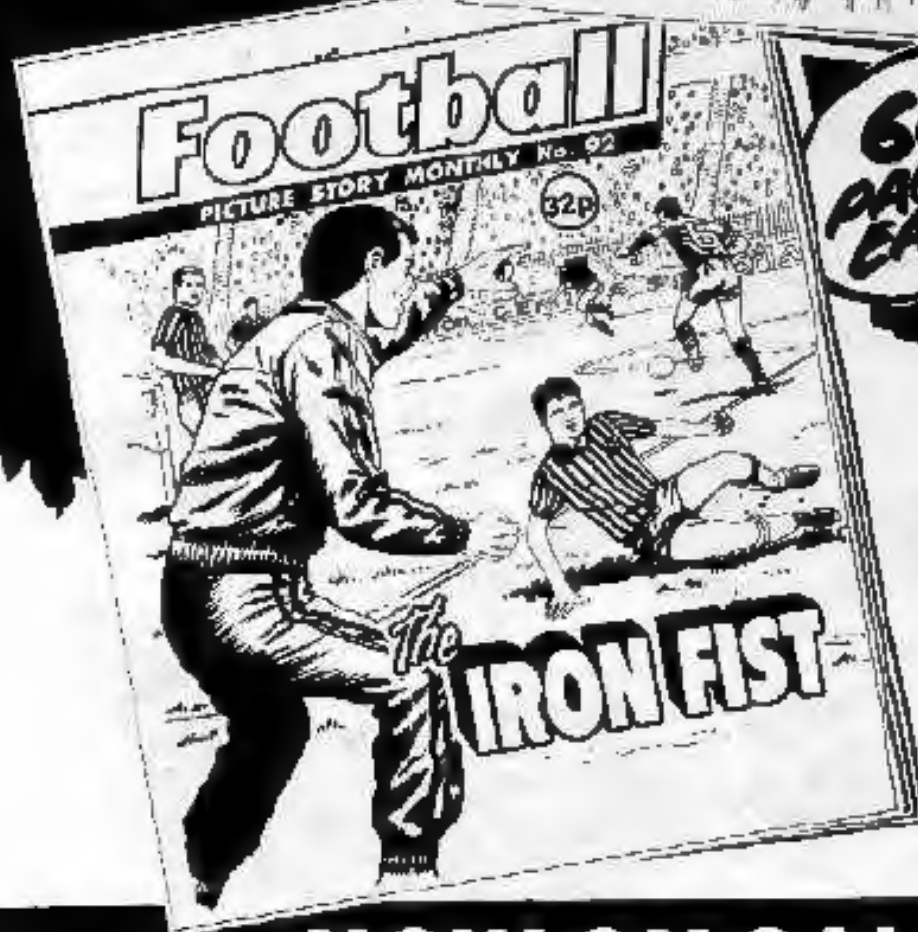
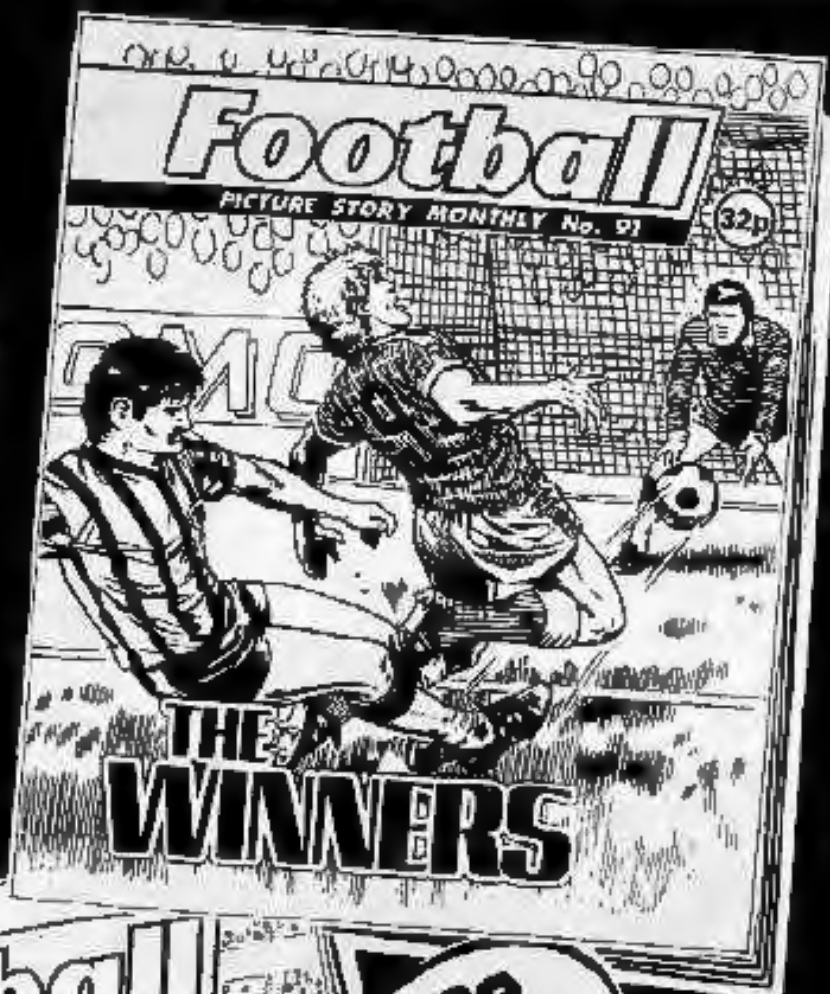




CHIVALRY DEMANDS A
TRUE KNIGHT BE EVER
READY TO TURN HIS BACK
ON HOMELY COMFORT, BUT
— ER — NO MORE
DRAGONS, SQUIRE.

HOW ABOUT ONE-EYED
GIANTS? I HEAR ONE IS
DOING SOME RAMPAGING
TO THE EAST.

**IF YOU'RE
A
FOOTBALL
FAN, YOU
CAN'T
AFFORD
TO MISS
THESE!**



**68
PAGES
EACH**

**FOOTBALL
LIBRARIES
Nos. 91+92**

NOW ON SALE 32p

SON OF THE SWORD

Legend has it that the envy of lesser men brought about the death of the Earl Parseval. What is certain is that the Earl's son vanished at the same time and was assumed to have perished. But the child had not gone to that great castle in the sky . . . he had been spirited away by a trusty retainer. Now, some twenty years later, it was time for the young Parseval to gain revenge! But on whom?

